

16

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL
In COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSICK Composed by Mr. HANDEL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for E. JOHNSON (Successor to Mr. B. DOD, by whom it was
many Years sold) at N° 12, Ave-Mary-Lane.

[Price One Shilling.]

after 1764
DOD had his shop there

Dramatis Personæ.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, *his Brother.*

CHORUS of Israelitish *Men and Women.*

THIS Edition is correctly printed from the last of the Administrator of Mr. WATTS, or his Assigns, and is done on the Principle of *Lex Talionis*; for as he or they have several Times printed *Messiah*, which E. JOHNSON has a Property in, and he or they have none, he has thought it is perfectly justifiable to avail himself of the Advantage (which yet is far from being adequate to the Injury he has received by that Means) of printing *Judas*.—His Property in *Messiah* is derived from the Compiler of it, who is now living, and is a Gentleman of a very respectable Character, and of a very opulent Fortune.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

Chorus of *Israelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Maccabæus*.

OURN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
M Of captive *Judah*, mourn in solemn Strains,
Your sanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er ;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expressive Signs of Woe ;
Your softer Garments tear,
And squalid Sackcloth wear ;
Your drooping Heads with Ashes strew,
And, with the flowing Tear, your Cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful Cries
And loud Lament ascend the Skies ;
Your tender Bosoms beat, and tear,
With Hands remorseless, your dishevell'd Hair,
For pale and breathless Mattathias lies :
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miseries !

D U E T.

From this dread Scene, these adverse Pow'rs,

 Ah ! whither shall we fly ?

O Solyma, thy boasted Tow'rs

In smokey Ruins lie.

 Ah ! whither shall we fly ?

C H O R U S.

For Sion Lamentation make,

With Words that weep, and Tears that speak.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Simon.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,

To vent our Sorrows gives Relief,

Wretched indeed ! but let not Judah's Race

Their Ruin, with desponding Arms, embrace.

Distractful Doubt and Desperation,

Ill become the chosen Nation,

Chosen by the great I AM,

The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,

We trust will give attentive Ear

To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,

Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,

Will to the Lord ascend, and move

His Pity, and regain his Love.

C H O R U S.

O Father, whose almighty Power

The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore !

The Hearts of Judah, thy Delight,

In one defensive Band unite.

Grant

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

5

Grant us a Leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer born to save.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

*I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant Glory erst display'd ;
To Israel's distressful Pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out Macchabæus to their Aid.
Judas shall set the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.*

A I R.

Arm, arm, ye Brave ; a noble Cause,
The Cause of Heav'n your Zeal demands ;
In Defence of your Nation, Religion and Laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your Hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judas, thy Sceptre to obey.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

*'Tis well, my Friends ; with Transport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old
For their Exploits in War—Oh may their Fire
With active Courage, you their Sons inspire ;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing Wonders wrought ;
Stood still, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
Till Kings he had destroy'd, and Kingdoms won.*

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
 The Conflict of unequal War :
 Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
 That triumphs in sweet Liberty restor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

*To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
 For Blessings on this exemplary Zeal.
 Bless him, Jehovah, bless him, and once more
 To thine own Israel Liberty restore.*

A I R.

O Liberty, thou choicest Treasure,
 Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure ;
 Life without thee knows no Blessing,
 No Endearment worth caressing.

A I R.

Come, ever-smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train ;
 For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
 With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

A I R.

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
 That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun :
 That makes all Nature look more gay,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, *Judah* disdains
 The galling Load of hostile Chains.

RECITATIVE.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

7

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

*So will'd my zealous Father, now at rest
In the eternal Mansions of the Blest ;
" Can ye behold, said he, the Miseries
" In which the long-insulted Judah lies ?
" Can ye behold their dire Distress,
" And not, at least, attempt Redress ?"
Then faintly with expiring Breath—
" Resolve, my Sons, on Liberty or Death."*

RECITATIVE accompanied.

*We come : Oh see, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War ;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.*

A I R.

*Disdainful of Danger, we'll rush on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O Jehovah, all Nations may know.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

*Ambition ! If e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here :
The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.*

A I R.

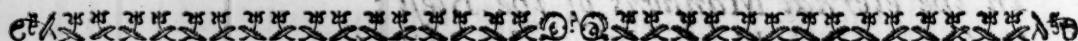
*No unhallow'd Desire
Our Breasts shall inspire ;
Nor Lust of unbounded Pow'r :
But Peace to obtain :
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conquest shall ask no more.*

CHORUS.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
Resolv'd on Conquest, or a glorious Fall.



JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

PART II.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the Foe—So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike *Judas* wields his righteous Sword.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

*Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell
With her last Breath, how Apollonius fell,
And all Samaria fled, by thee pursued,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood,
While thy resistless Prowess dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's Boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Host.*

A I R.

So rapid thy Course is,
Not numberless Forces
Withstand thy all-conquering Sword ;
Tho' Nations surround thee,
No Pow'r shall confound thee
Till Freedom again be restor'd.

I

Duetto

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

9

Duetto and Chorus.

*Sion now her Head shall raise,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.*

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

*O let eternal Honours crown his Name ;
Judas, first Worthy in the Rolls of Fame.
Say, " He put on the Breast-Plate as a Giant,
" And girt his warlike Harness about him.
" In his Acts he was like a Lion,
" And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey.**

A I R.

*From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made Judah smile ;
Judah rejoiceth in his Name,
And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.*

CHORUS.

*Hail, hail Judea, happy Land !
Salvation prospers in his Hand.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

*Thanks to my Brethren—But look up to Heav'n ;
To Heav'n let Glory and all Praise be giv'n ;
To Heav'n give your Applause,
Nor add the second Cause,
As once your Fathers did in Midian,
Saying, The Sword of God and Gideon.
It is the Lord who for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.*

* i Maccab. iii. 3, &c.

B

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A I R.

How vain is Man who boasts in Fight,
 The Valour of Gigantic Might :
 And dreams not that a Hand unseen
 Directs and guides this weak Machine !

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Messenger.

O Judas, O my Brethren !
 New Scenes of bloody War
 In all their Horrors rise.
 Prepare, prepare,
 Or soon we fall a Sacrifice
 To great Antiochus ; from th' Ægyptian Coast,
 (Where Ptolomy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost)
 He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
 His proud victorious Bands
 To root out Israel's Strength, and to erase
 Ev'ry Memorial of the Sacred Place.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Ah ! wretched, wretched *Israel* ; fall'n how low,
 From joyous Transport to desponding Woe.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted.----Nor think these Plagues are sent
 For your Destruction, but for Chastisement.
 Heav'n oft in Mercy punisheth, that Sin
 May feel its own Demerits from within,
 And urge not utter Ruin-----Turn to God,
 And draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.

A I R.

The Lord worketh Wonders
 His Glory to raise,
 And still as he thunders
 Is fearful in Praise.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

My Arms ! against this Gorgias will I go----
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his Design,
While Rage his Leader, and Jehovah mine.

A I R.

Sound an Alarm---Your Silver Trumpets sound,
 And call the Brave, and only Brave, around.---
 Who listeth, follow.---To the Field again.---
 Justice with Courage is a thousand Men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful Call :
 And follow thee to Conquest ;---If to fall ;---
 For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

{

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

No more in Sion let the Virgin Throng,
Wild with Delusion, pay their nightly Song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heav'n :
Hence to Phœnicia be the Goddess driv'n ;
Or be she with her Priests and Pageants burl'd
To the remotest Corner of the World ;
Ne'er to delude us more with Pious Lies.

A I R.

Wise Men, flatt'ring may deceive us
With their vain mysterious Art:
Magic Charms can ne'er relieve us,
Nor can heal the wounded Heart.

But true Wisdom can relieve us,
Godlike Wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive us,
This alone all Pains remove.

D U E T.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.
But ever worship *Isr'el's* God,
Ever obedient to his Nod.

C H O R U S.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone—
We worship God, and God alone.

JUDAS

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

P A R T III.

Israelitish Priests. [Having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.

A I R.

FATHER of Heaven, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Blessing down ;
While we prepare with holy Rites,
To solemnize the *Feast of Lights*.
And thus our grateful Hearts employ,
And in thy Praise,
This Altar raise,
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

See, see yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In spiry Streams pursue the trailing Smoke ;
The fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air ;
Sure Presage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may cease,
And Judah's Daughters taste the Calm of Peace ;
Sons, Brothers, Husbands to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

A I R.

So shall the Lute and Harp awake,
And sprightly Voice sweet Descant run ;
Seraphic Melody to make,
In the pure Strains of Jesse's Son.

Israelitish Messenger.

*From Capharsalma, on Eagle's Wings I fly,
With Tidings of impetuous Joy.-----
Came Lysias, with his Host, array'd
In Coat of Mail; their massy Shields
Of Gold and Brass, flash'd Light'ning thro' the Fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants display'd
A horrid Front; but Judas, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful Train.*

RECITATIVE.

*Yet more; Nicanor is with Thousands slain;
The blasphemous Nicanor, who defy'd
The living God, and in his wanton Pride,
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.
But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear,
To dissipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head and Hand,
That threaten'd Desolation to the Land.*

Chorus of Youths.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums;
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him sing.

Chorus of Virgins.

See the Godlike Youth advance,
Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance:
Myrtle Wreathes, and Roses twine,
To deck the Hero's Brow divine.

The

The M A R C H.

C H O R U S.

Sing unto God, and high Affections raise,
To crown this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

*Sweet flow the Strains, that strike my feasted Ear.---
Angels might stoop from Heav'n to hear
The comely Songs ye sing
To Israel's Lord and King.---
But pause a while----due Obsequies prepare,
To those who bravely fell in War,---
To Eleazar special Tribute pay.---
Thro' slaughter'd Troops he cut his Way
To the distinguish'd Elephant, and whelm'd beneath
The deep-stabb'd Monster, triumph'd in a glorious Death.*

A I R.

With Honour let Desert be crown'd ;
The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound ;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms :
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.

Eupolemus. [The Jewish Ambassador to Rome.]

*Peace to my Countrymen ;---Peace and Liberty.---
From the great Senate of imperial Rome,
With a firm League of Amity I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse, in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r ;*

And

*And stretch her vengeful Arm, by Land or Sea,
" To curb the Proud, and set the Injur'd free."*

CHORUS.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

*Again to Earth let Gratitude descend,----
Praise-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend.----
Come, my fair Daughters, choicest Art bestow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow ;
And in your Songs, for ever be confess'd,
" The Valour that preserv'd, the Pow'r that bless'd,
Bless'd you with Hours, that scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.*

A I R.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy Blessings all around,
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies smile with wavy Corn :
Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound
But Nature's Songsters wake the cheerful Morn.

AIR and CHORUS.

Simon.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in Songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

Hallelujah, &c.

F I N I S.